Ti. *Mercutio* thou consorteſt with *Romeo.*

Mer. Consort, what do'ſt thou make vs Minſtrels? and thou make Minſtrels of vs, look to heare nothing but diſcords, here's my Fiddleſticke, heere's that ſhall make you dance zounds consort.

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men:
Either withdraw vnto ſome priuate place,
Or reaſon coldly of your grieuances:
Or elſe depart, here all eyes gaze on vs.

Mer. Mens eies were made to looke, and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no mans pleaſure I.

Enter Romeo.

Ti. Well peace be with you ſir, here comes my man:

Mer. But Ile be hang'd ſir, if he weare your Liuery:
Marry goe before to field, heele be your follower,
Your Worſhip in that ſenſe may call him man.

Tib. *Romeo*, the loue I beare thee, can affoord
No better terme then this: thou art a Villaine.

Ro. *Tibalt*, the reaſon that I haue to loue thee,
Doth much excuſe the appertayning rage
To ſuch a greeting: Villaine am I none.
Therefore farewell I ſee thou know'ſt me not.

Ti. Boy, this ſhall not excuſe the iniuries
That thou haſt done me therefore turne and draw.

Ro. I doe proteſt I neuer iniured thee,
But loue thee better then thou canſt deuiſe:
Till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my loue,
And ſo good *Capulet*, which name I tender
As dearely as my owne, be ſatisfied.

Mer. O calme diſhonourable, vile ſubmiſſion:
Alla ſtucatho carries it away.
Tibalt, you Rat-catcher, will you walke?

Ti. What would'ſt thou haue with me?

Mer. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine liues, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you ſhall vſe mee hereafter drie beate the reſt of the eight. Will you pſucke your Sword out of his Pilcher by the eares? make haſte,

leaſt

leaſt mine bee about your eares ere it be

Ti. I am for you.

Ro. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy Rapie

Mer. Come ſir your Paſſado.

Ro. Draw *Benuolio*, beate downe the

Gentlemen, for ſhame forbeare this outr
Tibalt, *Mercutio*, the Prince expreſly ha
Forbid bandying in *Verona* ſtreets,
Hold *Tibalt*, good *Mercutio.*

Away Tibalt.

Mer. I am hurt.
A plague a both houſes, I am ſped,
Is he gone and hath nothing?

Ben. What art thou hurt?

Mer. I, I, a ſcratch, a ſcratch, marry
Where is my Page? goe Villaine, fetch a

Ro. Courage man, the hurt cannot be

Mer. No 'tis not ſo deepe as a Well, n
doore, but 'tis enough, twill ſerue: aske
you ſhall find mee a graue man. I am pe
this World, a plague a both your houſe
mouſe, a cat to ſcratch a man to death,
villaine, that fights by the booke of
deu'le came you betweene vs? I was hurt

Ro. I thought all for the beſt.

Mer. Helpe me into ſome houſe *Benu*
Or I ſhall faint, a plague a both your hou
They haue made wormes meat of me,
I haue it, and ſoundly to your houſes——

Ro. This Gentleman the Princes neare
My very friend hath got his mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation ſtaynd
With *Tibalts* ſlaunder, *Tibalt* that an ho
Hath b[e]ene my Cozin, O ſweet *Iuliet*,
Thy beautie hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper ſoftned valours ſteele.

F

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